A

# LETTER

*FROM*

Amsterdam,

TO A

# FRIEND

IN

# ENGLAND.

---

*LONDON*,

Printed for *G. H.* 1678.

*My kind Co-operator*,

THat from you of the eighth Inſtant I received, and am entirely yours, God ſpeed the Plow here, and in *England*. I hope in ſhort time to give you a good Account of my little Embaſſy in this place. No body at the *Hague* knows any thing of it yet; nor ſhall they. Be ſure no Poſt to fail me; elſe I and my *Fellow-Labourers* here, ſhall be to ſeek in our Buſineſs. Tell our Friends I cannot go quick and through with it, unleſs conſtant returns be made hither, to fill the Bag and the Bottle. Theſe are the Baits that I muſt fiſh with: the ſureſt way to catch an *Amſterdamer* is by the Belly.

We were laſt night no leſs than *Three Nations* together at Supper; but all of a *Knot*: nothing can untie us but want of Money. My *Scots Fugitive* was ſo ſharp and quick upon ſight of Fleſh-meat, that he laid aſide his long Grace, and without bleſſing God, or curſing the Duke of *L*. he fell to, and fed like a Farmer, whilſt I, ſnapping a bit now and then, fell to tunning up *Old Hock* in Min Heer the Burgomaſter; for our Companion is of ſuch a humour, that till he be top-full, he never vents his Oracles againſt the houſe of *Orange*, and Court of *England*. But in this Pickle, the Man is old dog at driving *Private Trade*, and *Publick Counſels*: So e're Supper was done, we became ripe for buſineſs.

About half an hour after, came in two or three more of the Magiſtrats, and with them ſome *Scots* of the Common Perſecution: Then the *Romer* having walkt a round or two more, and our Letters of Intelligence from all parts being read, your Accounts from *England* pleaſed me beſt; other from *France* were not much inferiour, and moſt welcome to *Min Heer*, becauſe as Monſieur *Louvoy* whiſtles, the *Louveſtein* Party dances. No wonder then that the influence from hence hath made ſuch foul weather at

the *Hague*. That King ſaw 'twas beſt way to quit the *Flemiſh Campagn*, and divert his Army, when leſs than one quarter of the Charge may ſave his Stake in *Flanders* til another Seaſon, and perhaps without the ſtriking ſo much as one ſtroke, ſpoil the deſign of Arms out of *England* and *Holland*.

He had Intelligence the *Tide is turn'd* in *England*: that whereas laſt year ſome of us were for War againſt him, We now are the Men that cry it down: I perceive *charging of Piſtols* by a *French hand*, may ſometimes do more than all their Cannon: The Court ſome Moneths ago were reviled as Men againſt the War, and *Penſioners* of *France*; Now I hear the Court Miniſters begin to retort the like jealouſie upon you and your Friends: Verily, the *Dutch* ſay, yours is either the *Floating-Iſland*, or founded upon *Quick ſilver*: and this part of the *Continent* here, being a Quake-mire, is moveable too, though not ſo quick; The *French* offer now as well as we to the *Shrine of De Witt*, the Martyr and Saint of this Republick; and his *Louveſteiners* reſolve that you and our *Scotch* Friends ſhall not get All; For they, if they can, will do as much of his buſineſs as the beſt of you: only they take it not well to be ſo ſham'd with that broad ſtory about a pretended *Project of Peace* betwixt *France* and *England* in favour of the *Swede*; The *Naſſauvians* now at the *Hague*, conclude it was but a *French piece of Gullery*, to choak the Current of the *General Confederacy*: A meer State-ſtratagem to blow off the *Prohibition of French Commodities* in this Countrey.

'Twas neatly done, and had like to have taken effect, thanks be to you (SIR) and the reſt of your Friends, who gave the occaſion of diſputing it here, by yoking your ſelves to the *Prohibition* firſt, that this State might remain at liberty to lurch you afterwards, if they think it convenient. 'Twas delicately done alſo to worry and hurry one another into Reſolutions for a War before you were ready; and now when 'tis reſolved on, to clog and clap on Weights to hinder it. At this rate things muſt needs very kindly operate: Your laſt hath given me and the reſt of your Friends here admirable ſatisfaction; go on and proſper in all the particulars of your contrivance; the day's your own: if we can but apply freſh Leeches to the Poſteriors of the Kingdom, we ſhall ſoon reco-

recover. Thoſe that are here for the intereſt of *Republick* will be forward enough too, if *France* be cordial (which we doubt not) to our Party. He hath his end in it upon them, and us: However, our Brains ſhall ſtretch hard but we will out-reach him. What a ſight 'tis to ſee our Friends in *England*, *Holland*, and *Scotland*, ſo well twiſted! This *Three-fold Cord* is ſtrong enough to hang, or hamper all our Adverſaries.

Methinks I ſee your Grandees lodged in *Truckle-beds* already; 'twill ſoon be done, if we firſt handſomely divide the Courtiers, and make uſe of the envy of ſome of them at their Fellows; then put them like Pellets to drive out one another.

The only way to wheedle them into it, is, firſt by round charges to endeavour a remove of the *Miniſters* in poſſeſſion; 'tis the ready way to come at the Maſter; the hope of their Places will engage the reſt of them to help on the work. Set but this wheel a going, and theſe are the Cogs that will turn round the Mill. What though you have hitherto had but ill luck in lifting at them? If one Broadſide do not ſink a Veſſel, another may: it was a wiſe Providence that reſerved our *Confeſſors* laſt year for this purpoſe. The treating of ſuch Men with *Sugar-plums*, and *Sweet-meats* to throw among the people, did *Strafford*'s buſineſs, and yours, and the Kings's too. It was thought the ready road to ſweetning and Quiet; but behold a Troop of Thouſands! yielding in one point made way to ask All, and the Multitude to believe all were guilty as well as one. A tacit Court-confeſſion of guilt by one Sacrifice, paſt for Proof enough that all was true of the reſt. If the ſame point can be gained again, be it but an *unbloody* piece of work, ſo it amount to a removal of any one principal Man, it may perhaps take the more eaſily, and do the Feat as well, if not better: Shape your vengeance as it may not ſtartle the Nature of their Maſter: So Court places may fall one after another; their's your reward upon Earth, whatever elſe you may expect from Heaven.

Ply His Majeſty with warm Clothes if ye can; tell him he is Juſt and Good; but Counſels are ill, or weak, no matter which. Drive any peg that will go; Sooth him, in hope to ſmite the other: A dogged humour of *no Money* will pleaſe the People, and plunge him. Start up difficulties, promote his neceſſities; then work

work upon 'em: and make bold to tell him, only *new Friends* can remedy 'em. Read your Lectures backward, ſay the War was moſt adviſeable laſt year, when he had neither Preparations nor Moneys for it: but not now you have got him into it. Bring on *new Accounts of Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government*: Charge them upon *evil Counſellors*: Be ſure to lift 'em, at any hand lift 'em: Noyſe may do it: ah, but Tumult is wanting! Then burn the Pope again, to fulfill the *Revelation*: that will draw together the Rabble: But forget not *Cakes and Ale for 'em*: Pot-valiant will do as much as *Preſs-money*, if you bid defiance to a *Standing army*, though it be but in the Clouds.

If this will not do in the City, then once again preſs *Grand Jury-men* in the Counties, to Petition for a New Parliament. It was well and wiſely done to ſend them down the late Books, to inſpire and quicken 'em. The *Judges* will not dare to hinder, if in the mean time you Rattle them roundly for what they have done. If you perceive them ſturdy, then caſt dirt at 'em: it will ſtick, and ſpot too, it being upon *Scarlet*. You have men of Law enow that have done you ſervice, who gape for their Places: 'Tis fit their mouths ſhould be ſtopt, that they may open with Alacrity at Prerogative and Allegiance.

'Tis fine, to ſee our *Scottiſh Friends* trace the old Method of of 1640. And how every thing hits to improve the Brotherly Correſpondence: Lords and Grievances came then together out of *Scotland*: God ſend us good luck: you know what follow'd. They then went to Court one day, another day to Conventicles, and Conclaves, in *London*: Adviſe them to do ſo now. A new buſtle againſt that Government began *An.* 1674. We and our Party at the ſame time began the like buſtle at *Weſtminſter*: They, and we have walkt hand in hand like Brethren ever ſince. What have we to do next, but to revive and take that *Phœnix* the COVENANT, out of its Aſhes?

Be it your Care to time the Buſineſs: my *Scotch Confidents* here do ſay, no time ſo fitat home, as when the KING is Engaged abroad: then it will do the *French* work, and ours too.

Methinks 'tis fine Muſick when theſe four Nations play in Concert: and 'tis Glorious for *Scotland*, that it hath the Honour to *Lead the Dance*.

What

What a dull Brute of late is the Subject of *England*! Therefore (as the old Song ſaith) *Blow Cap for me*. Our men of that Nation Write, Preach, and Fight too: they have got likewiſe the right knack of Diſtinction, and underſtand the way of Supplicating the KING'S Perſon againſt His Authority. The ſum of all is, get out the great Loon there, and perhaps none elſe can Saddle or Mount 'em for His Majeſties Service. I like that Courſe conſulted by our good Friends, that if he cannot be Impeached in *Scotland*, 'tis but turning the Table, and you may do it at *Weſtminſter*. The Pitcher hath two Ears: if you cannot lay hold on one ſide, take him by t'other, and daſh him to the ground: Remember his name is not only *Lauderdail*, but *Guilford* too. The honeſt *Covenanters* have been whetting their Pens at him theſe Five years; ſo have we our Spleens in *England*, we have ſpent the moſt part of our Gaul in Ink-pots; Try what the reſt will do in a round Charge or two. Nevertheleſs, write on ſtill: I am ſorry we have loſt the *Prime* Pen: therefore make ſure of *Andrew*. Hee's a ſhrewd man againſt *Popery*, though for his Religion you may place him, as *Paſquin* at *Rome* placed *Henry* the *Eighth*, betwixt *Moſes*, the *Meſſiah*, and *Mahomet*, with this *Motto* in his Mouth, *quò me vertam neſcio*. 'Tis well he is now *Tranſproſed* into Politicks: they ſay he had much ado to live upon Poetry. What a blunt-tool the people's become! No mutiny? However, let him whet on till they take an Edge, and be ſure that you and the reſt of our Comrades whet him.

'Tis time now to Say, or Print any thing that will ſharpen. Blacken the whole undertaking: Say, in this Marching Army is Couch'd a *Standing one*. Rant roundly at *Adjournments*: Say, *Neutrality* is better now when we are arm'd, than it was when we were not: Say all you can to beſool the *Forain Confederacy*, and fruſtrate it: for, what was Wiſdom laſt Summer, is none now. Do all you can to ſpoil this Meeting alſo; then follows *No Money*: Urge that point long and loud: it may force the Court to do that for ſupply, which we may have occaſion to Rail at afterwards and Rouze men with a Witneſs. Ply the *Northern Supplicators*, and let them ply you.

Gather

Gather the Quakers and Fanaticks under the wing; and allow them now for Proteſtants for all the *Act of Uniformity*: be kind, and give 'em a little *Opium*; So they may forget the tyranny of their Elder Brother, and be all one again; then the *New Cauſe* may prove as good as the *Old one*.

If you will hatch ſomewhat like a *Remonſtrance*, I like it well; go back to 41. There's your perpetual Pattern; matter enough to deal with any King in *Europe*: Nothing in Heaven can more fermentate and leven the whole lump: But be ſure you do not call it *Remonſtrance*; a new name will do better to cover the purpoſe: and for a new Model of State, and Stateſ-men, commend me to the *Nineteen Propoſitions*, to begin with.

To crown the work, and make all things eaſie, only one thing is wanting to turn the World. *Archimedes*, to effect it, required but one point to ſtand on without the Circumference: Do you gain but one in the *Centre*, and you'l do it as readily; that is the King's Point. If He move, and tread never ſo little aſide it, the ſtouteſt will ſtagger, no man will ſtand to it.

Juſt now Letters are come hither from the *Hague*, where two Twins are ſtrugling in the Womb of their Buſineſs; many thanks to you (SIR.) Whether the delivery will be now by the hand of a *French* Midwife, or an *Engliſh*, is not to be underſtood yet. They are come to the birth: Some would have the Name of the firſt-born to be *Prohibition*: others would have the ſecond be named *Neutrality*, becauſe he laid hold on the heel of his Brother, which as our Friends of *Louvenſtein* imagine, muſt ſignifie, that the Younger is to trip up the heels of the Elder.

*Remember me to, &c. and let me be anſwered in the main of my former.*

I am Yours, *&c.*

*Amſterdam*, 18th of April, 1678. *Engliſh Stile.*

FINIS.

W